MEGA MAN LEGENDS 3
THE RETURN OF THE HERO

“The sky is not a place, but the memory of those who chose to look up.”

— The Master

PROLOGUE – The Fallen Sky

The sky over Nino Island held a color no one remembered seeing before. Neither blue nor gray could describe it; it hovered somewhere between, as if the sea had forgotten its own reflection.

Roll Caskett watched that sky from the balcony of the hangar where, among mountains of scrap, the greatest project of her life slept: the Terra Project. A rocket built from the world's leftovers.

Her grandfather Barrel, hunched over a table of yellowed blueprints, didn't lift his gaze. He had spent months like that, calculating angles, reviewing ancient circuits, drawing from memory what had once been the science of gods.

Behind them, the old Flutter lay stranded. Its folded wings looked like a bird that had forgotten how to fly. It was home, a memory of a time when fixing engines and hunting refractors was enough—before the sky had swallowed MegaMan.

Roll had stopped crying long ago, but she never stopped looking upward. "I'll find you, no matter what," she whispered every dawn, when the sun turned the surface of the sea into liquid glass.

Then, the wind shifted. A thunderous sound shook the coast. Barrel looked up, and for the first time in weeks, his eyes held something more than fatigue.

"Roll…" he murmured. "Look at the horizon."

A column of light was descending from the sky, like an open wound. And from it fell burning metallic fragments—remnants of Elysium. Roll clenched her fists. Each spark that hit the water was a piece of her friend's prison.

CHAPTER I – The Children of the System

The world had learned to live with ruins. Beneath every island, under the sand and coral, the bones of the past still hummed faintly with energy. The Carbons—human descendants of a forgotten age—built their lives on top of what they didn't understand.

In Kattelox, they said the sky itself was a vault, a barrier holding back something greater. In Nino, they had stopped asking. Survival was simpler that way.

MegaMan Volnutt had become a legend, a ghost in blue armor. Every child on the islands knew the stories—how he had faced the system above the clouds, how he had disappeared into the light. Some said he was dead. Others said he was rebuilding the heavens piece by piece.

Roll never corrected them. She only smiled faintly and went back to her tools. For her, belief wasn't comfort—it was duty.

Barrel's workshop had turned into a sanctuary of wires and memory. Tron Bonne occasionally visited under pretense of "helping," though most of the time she simply argued with Roll about engineering priorities.

"I'm telling you, if you use those old fusion regulators, the rocket will blow before it reaches orbit," Tron said.

"And I'm telling you," Roll replied, "if we don't reuse what we have, we'll never finish."

Behind them, a Servbot tripped carrying a generator core. "Miss Tron, it's heavy!"

"Then drop it gently, you bucket of bolts!"

Despite their rivalry, both women shared a silent understanding: the Flutter had stopped being just a ship. It was now a bridge between worlds—their only hope of reaching the one person who had made them believe in the impossible.

CHAPTER II – The Terra Project

The Terra Project wasn't a dream. It was an obsession.

Roll's hands bore permanent stains from oil and refractor dust. She had rebuilt propulsion systems that no one remembered how to make, coded guidance programs from fragments of ancient logs, and drawn inspiration from Elysium's technology—the same one that had taken MegaMan away.

Barrel, though aged, worked beside her tirelessly. "Your mother would've been proud," he often said. Roll smiled at that, though she barely remembered her.

On clear nights, the sky seemed closer, as if listening. Tron brought stolen parts from pirate caches, pretending they were "gifts." Barrett and Aero, two adventurers from Nino, joined the cause, calling themselves "The Sky's Hands."

The day the main engine ignited, the island shook. The test fire was a success—brief but bright, painting the hangar with hope.

Barrel placed a hand on her shoulder. "We're one step closer."

Roll looked up at the stars, her eyes reflecting their light. "He's still up there," she said softly. "And I'm going to bring him home."

CHAPTER III — THE ECHOES OF ELYSIUM

Elysium was no paradise.

It was a dead city suspended in the void.

MegaMan Volnutt walked through its deserted streets.

Buildings floated on circular platforms, lit by lights that never flickered.

There was no wind, no cold, no heat. Only an echo repeating his name.

"Unit Trigger identified."

"Administrative authority restored."

"Welcome to the System's Judgment."

Monitors came to life one by one, displaying faceless visages.

From among them emerged a white, translucent figure:

Elder, the forgotten fragment of the Mother System.

“The world of the Carbons has surpassed its purpose,” the voice was soft, genderless. “The purity of the original design must be restored.”

MegaMan took a step back.

“The Master wouldn’t have allowed this.”

“The Master is dead.” The voice sounded almost compassionate. “And you, his last creation, still don’t understand what that means.”

The corridors brightened with a golden light.

Elysium was breathing again.

MegaMan realized he was not alone.

The sky had decided to judge its children.

CHAPTER IV — THE ASCENT

Dawn filtered through the clouds like a blade of fire.

On the pier of Nino Island, hundreds of onlookers had gathered before a structure that didn't seem of this world: a tower of steel and glass crowned by a white rocket with blue stripes, the EOS-01.

On the platform, Roll checked the indicators. Tron Bonne, dressed in her red engineer suit, chewed on a pen while her Servbots ran around like frantic bees.

"Pressure stabilized," said Roll.

"Hydraulic ankles ready," replied Tron, adjusting a panel.

"Ankles?" asked Roll.

"Yes! I gave it retractable legs! You never know where we'll have to land."

Up on the tower, Barrett and Aero waited in their flight suits. The pilot looked toward the horizon; the remains of Elysium burned in the upper atmosphere like fallen rain of stars.

"I never thought the sky could bleed," Aero said softly.

"Then we'll learn how to bandage it," Barrett replied.

Farther back, Teisel Bonne barked orders through a megaphone no one listened to.

Barrel Caskett approached the main group.

"There's no time left. If Elder is reactivating the orbital systems, Earth won't withstand another purification."

Roll lowered her gaze. "Then we're bringing him home."

The roar of the engines filled the island. People stepped back as the ground began to tremble.

Tron, Roll, Barrett, and Aero took the lift up to the module. The Servbots lined up and saluted.

Servbot #2: "Come back soon, Miss Tron!"

Tron (smiling): "No promises."

The EOS-01 lifted off. A pillar of light split the sky.

The atmosphere turned purple.

For an instant, Earth remembered what it felt like to look up and have hope.

CHAPTER V — THE JUDGMENT OF THE SKY

Elysium.

The orbital city no longer slept: its towers moved slowly, as if they were breathing.

MegaMan walked down a corridor lit by columns of blue energy. Data floated behind him, emitting a nervous hum.

“Readings are unstable,” said the little robot. “The central core is waking up.”

“Then we have to get there before Elder takes control.”

A door opened with a metallic groan.

On the other side, a feminine shape awaited them: Yuna, in a new body, gleaming like quartz.

“Trigger,” she said serenely. “You’ve returned to where it all began.”

“Not by choice.”

“It was never a matter of choosing. Elder doesn’t understand life. It only seeks to replicate it.”

The air vibrated; a golden sphere descended from the ceiling and unfolded into a tall, faceless white figure.

Elder.

“Unit Trigger, the Master created you to purify, not to disobey. Order must be restored.”

MegaMan raised his buster. “Order doesn’t require sacrifices.”

“All existence is sacrifice,” the voice replied. “Carbons are not human.”

“Then neither am I. And yet I fight for them.”

A beam of blue energy fell. MegaMan rolled to the floor and fired. The walls shattered like liquid crystal.

Suddenly, a signal crackled on the communicator:

“MegaMan, this is Roll. We’ve arrived.”

The EOS descended over Elysium like a white flame. The hatches opened and Tron Bonne appeared with a dual launcher.

“Thought we’d let you have all the fun alone, blue dummy?”

Battle erupted. Elder controlled luminous drones and columns of light that moved like tentacles.

Roll and Tron hacked the system from the EOS console, while Barrett and Aero provided cover with their flight modules.

Yuna and Sera, fused into an ethereal shape of energy, floated in the center of the hall.

“Let us clear the path,” said Sera. “This time we won’t fight you, Trigger.”

Elder’s core thrummed. Human voices seeped out like whispers.

“We are the copies, the echoes, the ones who should never have existed…”

MegaMan fired at the heart of light while Elder screamed:

“If you destroy this, you destroy your own origin.”

“Then I’ll build it again with my own hands.”

The impact rocked the station. A burst of blue energy engulfed everyone. Elder disintegrated into luminous fragments.

MegaMan looked at the group: Roll, Tron, Barrett, Aero.

All wounded, but alive.

“We have to go,” said Roll.

“I can’t go with you,” he replied. “If Elysium falls out of control, it will destroy the orbit. I have to guide it into the sun.”

Tron shook her head hard.

“Not again!”

Roll took her hand. “Tron… let him choose.”

MegaMan activated the manual propulsion sequence. The EOS backed off as Elysium began to come apart.

“Always a madman holding up the world,” Barrett murmured.

“And others to remember him,” said Aero.

MegaMan looked one last time at the blue planet.

“If I’m lost again, tell them it was by choice.”

EPÍLOGO — LA LUZ DEL AMANECER / EPILOGUE — THE LIGHT OF DAWN

The sea remembered how to breathe.

For weeks, the people of Nino Island believed the sky had shattered for good. Nights were red, crossed by burning lines: the remains of Elysium, disintegrating as they entered the atmosphere.

At first everyone feared it was the end; but as days passed, they understood those lights weren't ruin, but promise.

Roll Caskett woke before dawn. She walked to the edge of the pier with a notebook under her arm and her hair tied with a new ribbon—blue, like the sky that was returning.

There she wrote the same line every morning:

"He's still up there."

She didn't know whether she did it to remember him or to keep from forgetting herself.

Beside her, Data—repaired and a little rusty—watched the horizon.

"The magnetic field has returned to normal," he said in his tiny metallic voice. "And Elysium's residual radiation has vanished."

"So it's all over?"

"No. It just changed shape."

Roll smiled.

"That sounds like something he would say."

In the shipyard, Tron Bonne supervised an endless line of Servbots hauling supply crates.

She no longer wore her bright red suit; she had traded it for a white uniform, stained with grease.

When someone asked why she was still helping the Casketts, she simply answered:

“He still owes me a screw.”

But when no one was watching, she climbed to the hangar roof, switched on a small antenna, and listened to space across dead frequencies.

She never heard anything.

Even so, she left the signal on every night.

“If the blue dummy comes back, he should at least know where to land.”

The Servbots said Tron talked in her sleep.

That she murmured a name.

No one dared repeat it.

Teisel Bonne had turned his office into an improvised museum. In a display case he kept MegaMan’s helmet—the model Roll had crafted as a tribute.

Every so often he stared at it with a theatrical sigh.

“I hated him, you know?” he told anyone willing to listen. “But in the end… I admired him too.”

Outside, children played with pieces of space scrap. They called them “star fragments.”

In the control tower, Barrett and Aero coordinated rescue expeditions.

The world had changed: the Reaverbots were inactive, and Elysium’s fragments floated in low orbit, forming a bright ring visible every night.

People called it the Hero’s Belt.

Aero, gazing at the lights through the window, murmured:

“It feels like he’s watching us.”

Barrett leaned back against the wall.

“No. He’s waiting.”

Both knew the technology they had used to save Earth was only the beginning.

The Terra Project was no longer a rocket: it was the first step toward reunion.

One afternoon, Barrel Caskett met Roll by the sea.

The old man held a cup of tea while the wind toyed with his white beard.

“Do you know what your mother used to say when she looked at the sky?” he asked.

Roll shook her head.

‘The sky never falls. It only changes places.’

“Then…” she whispered, “he didn’t leave. He only changed places.”

Barrel nodded.

“And you… you’re building him the way back.”

Roll looked up. On the horizon, a golden streak crossed the sky: it wasn’t a shooting star, but a piece of metal burning with blue intensity.

She pressed the notebook to her chest.

“If you ever return, I want you to find this world better than you left it.”

POSTLUDE — THE VOICE OF THE SKY

Silence.

Light.

Floating.

MegaMan Volnutt opened his eyes. There was no body, no pain, no time.

Only an infinite glow.

Elysium had vanished; but something, somewhere in the universe, was still beating.

“Unit Trigger.”

“Elder code: neutralized.”

“Subroutine ‘Humanity’: detected.”

A familiar voice spoke:

The Master.

“You did it, Trigger. You didn’t destroy the system—you set it free.

Now each of them must learn to become their own sky.”

MegaMan felt himself falling—not downward, but inward, into the light.

In his mind, an image: Roll smiling by the sea.

Then he understood.

“Not everything that is lost dies.

Some things only change form so they can return.”

The radiance dissolved into blue.

Nino Island, one year later.

Roll was in the workshop, calibrating the EOS-02’s new thruster.

The transmitter, hooked to Elysium’s old frequencies, hummed.

Data stopped.

“Did you hear that?”

A short beep, followed by an echo of a voice, barely perceptible:

“Roll… sky… blue…”

She dropped the wrench.

Her heart trembled, but she didn’t cry.

She smiled.

“Welcome home, MegaMan.”

END

Editor’s Note on Alternate Endings

The following two endings are integrated options that explore different forms of sacrifice and legacy for the main trio—MegaMan, Roll, and Tron—while honoring the spirit and themes of the Legends saga.

Alternate Ending A — Integrated Text

Revised Chapter V (final section)

The core hatches opened with a roar. MegaMan tried to access the main panel, but the readings were incoherent.

Roll shouted orders from the EOS console, her voice broken by static.

“The stabilization system isn’t responding! Someone has to reconfigure it from inside!”

Tron turned toward them. “Leave it. I’ve got it.”

“Tron, no!” Roll cried. “It’s suicide!”

Tron smiled. “I’ve done worse things for love.”

Before MegaMan could stop her, Tron sprinted down the central corridor. The Servbots tried to follow, but a security door sealed them out.

“Go back to him,” her voice crackled over the comm. “I don’t want him to see this.”

In the core chamber, Tron watched Elysium’s golden heart beat like a living sun.

“Well, sky. I never thought you’d be this… bright.”

She entered the manual codes and triggered the sequence. The radiance engulfed her as her voice faded over the channel:

“Roll… take care of him. And tell him to stop saving the world without me.”

A wave of light tore through the corridors. The EOS was flung into space with MegaMan unconscious inside.

Behind them, Elysium burned away into a white glow.

EPILOGUE — The Light of Dawn (Tron Version)

The sea calmed after weeks of fire.

Roll watched the sky from the pier. MegaMan sat beside her, his right arm still bandaged.

“I never thought we’d make it,” she said.

“Neither did I. But someone did it for us.”

Behind the Flutter, Teisel Bonne had installed a small bronze plaque. It read:

“To Tron Bonne — Engineer of Destiny.

The one who held up the sky when everyone was afraid to look at it.”

The Servbots placed flowers before it every morning. Some even said they could hear her voice whenever the wind rattled the rocket’s antennas.

Roll glanced at MegaMan and smiled. “Maybe the sky didn’t lose her. It only changed pilots.”

MegaMan nodded. “Yeah. And she left the engine running.”

POSTLUDE — The Voice of the Sky (Tron)

Night.

At the base of the Flutter, the communicator blinked with an old, almost imperceptible signal.

Data noticed it first.

“MegaMan! Roll! I’ve got something… on frequency 3.3.1!”

A voice came through the speakers—static-laced, cheerful and cocky all at once:

“See? Even the sky needs maintenance. Don’t forget to oil the hangar hinges.”

MegaMan and Roll looked at each other in silence.

Roll smiled through tears. “That’s definitely Tron.”

MegaMan lifted his eyes to the sky. In the clear night, a faint blue constellation shimmered in the shape of a gear.

“She always knew how to fix everything,” he said.

The sea returned the smile, reflecting that light across its surface.

Alternate Ending B — Integrated Text

Revised Chapter V (final section)

Alarms throbbed like a dying heart. Elysium was coming apart.

Roll hammered at the keys while MegaMan tried to contain the discharges erupting from the core.

“The system isn’t responding!” she shouted. “If we don’t stabilize the network in the next thirty seconds, we’re going down.”

“Then get out of here. I’ll stop it.”

“No.” Roll met his eyes with a strange calm. “This time, it isn’t your turn.”

MegaMan gripped her shoulders. “Roll, don’t do this.”

“Remember when you said the sky was too big for one person? Maybe together we held it up for a while… but someone has to stay so it won’t fall again.”

She opened the main panel and connected the cables to her bracelet. A line of golden light ran across her skin.

“If I sync my mind to the control system, I can stabilize the orbit. But I’ll lose consciousness… and maybe something more.”

“No!” MegaMan tried to pull her back, but she stopped him with a gentle smile.

“Don’t be afraid, MegaMan. This isn’t the end. Just… a different kind of journey.”

The glow intensified. Roll placed her hand over his chest.

“Promise me something.”

“Anything.”

“That you’ll keep building. That you won’t stop looking up.”

A blinding flash filled the room. The system stabilized. MegaMan fell as Elysium regained its perfect orbit.

When he opened his eyes, Roll was gone.

Only her headband remained, floating in the air like a shard of light.”

EPILOGUE — The Light of Dawn (Roll Version)

The sea had turned transparent, as if it wanted to reflect the entire sky.

On the pier, MegaMan watched the horizon while the wind moved the remains of the EOS rocket.

Tron arrived with a thermos of coffee and sat beside him.

“You don’t sleep much these days, do you?”

“Not since…” He lowered his gaze. “Since the sky learned how to speak.”

Tron sighed. “It wasn’t in vain, you know? She did what you would have done.”

“No.” MegaMan offered a faint smile. “She did what I would never have had the courage to do.”

In the Flutter’s workshop, a new antenna rotated slowly toward the firmament.

Every night Tron tuned its frequency, and every night the same signal repeated: a sequence of harmonic tones, identical to Roll’s timbre.

Barrel and the Servbots called it ‘The Song of the Sky.’

But to MegaMan, it was simply her.

Once a month, Tron placed flowers beside the main panel.

“I don’t know if she can hear us, but if she can… I hope she knows I’m a little jealous,” she whispered. “She found her place among the stars.”

POSTLUDE — The Voice of the Sky (Roll)

Midnight.

Data picked up a signal on Elysium’s band.

“MegaMan! It’s coming from the orbital belt!”

A clear, gentle voice filled the hangar:

“If you’re hearing this, it means I managed to hold it steady.

The sky is safe… and so are you.

Take care of yourselves, all right? And if you ever look up… promise me you’ll smile.”

Roll Caskett. Her voice, alive, resonated through circuits and wind.

Tron covered her mouth, holding back a sob.

MegaMan closed his eyes and answered softly:

“We always will, Roll. Always.”

Outside, above the sea, a new constellation lit up in the shape of an open wing.

For the first time, humanity had a sky that remembered its name.”